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MAY 77H, 1889.

AT THE 1889.

MAY THE 1889.

Books, Press and Mail Room Records and Newford dealury Accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from various Paper Companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indexed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and copily, that there were Printed and Actually Circulated during the month of March, 1886, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HITURGED AND NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (19,706,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

W. A. CAMP. Manager of the New York Clearing-House. O. D. BALDWIN,
President of the American Lean and Trust Co.
THOS. L. JAMES.
President of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM: 81)10,709,520(345,468

PRINTED DAILY DURING THE 345,468

TION DURING THE MONTHS 345,873

CRUEL PATE.

There is a tramp out West whose name-if merit celebration in lofty song. He found a sonable. broken rail in the track along which he was lottering, and by superhuman effort reached a station three miles away, secured the aid of section hands and saved a limited express train from certain destruction.

What a pity BEN HARRISON Wasn't aboard. The heroic vagabond would have been snugly installed in Washington by this time. If no pension or post-office were vacant for him, he could be made singer in ordinary to his Royal Highness Baby McKer, and no G. A. R. veteran could more fittingly or more wittingly than he wean the princely infant to such patriotic and Harrisonesque ditties as "Tramp, tramp tramp, the boys are marching."

That tramp was a hero, but he was down on his luck.

HOWLEY'S MAGNIFICENT FIST.

THOMAS HOWLEY, of Wheeling, W. Va. is to be congratulated on the size, solidity and alacrity of his fist. It made yesterday the quickest, cleanest and most profitable lead on record. There was a pistol at Howzzy's head, and before the bullet could reach him his trusty, lusty knuckles had caught the owner of the weapon just between the eyes and laid him out senseless.

Howkey, if he is fond of life, ought to wear a kid glove and a diamond breastpin on that hand for the rest of his existence and never wash it in anything except Frangipanni and Catskills. ettar of roses. And when he has done with it the State of West Virginia ought to embalm it and exhibit it in the Wheeling Museum as the hand that made the code duello look sick and knocked out of vogue the use of firearms for the settlement of personal feuds in the region of the Old Dominion.

IT WILL BE THOROUGH, OF COURSE.

A day has been fixed for the trial of Assemblyman Silver Dollar Smith upon charges of long ago.

The fact that immediate action is required by law in such cases seems to have been of no moment to the District-Attorney, who, like President Hannison, "pleases himself."

No doubt, now that the case has gotten to court, the prosecution will be vigorous, as Mr. FELLOWS'S prosecutions of political offenders and men with pulls always is.

threatening to give way, and with the memory of Johnstown's horror in mind, is trembling with dread and providing means of escape.

It is wise. Too great vigilance cannot be exercised. The dweller in a valley, under the menace of a pent-up torrent, is always in peril, especially at times of heavy rainfall, and precaution small in itself may prove the saving of hundreds of lives.

There are 220 fellows in Yale's Freshman Class, and most of them, a despatch from New Haven says, are busy passing off conditions. They had better hurry and get into regular undergraduate standing. The football season is pretty well along.

There was a chap, known in Roman history as "Cunctator," because he believed in delay, Gov. BEAVER, of Pennsylvania, who was intrusted with the distribution of the Johnstown fund, can give that old Roman ' cards and snades "

Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, as well as New York, are lacking in schoolhouses. That is a matter that should have more prompt and thorough attention than even the World's Fair.

Rain set the Giants back a peg yesterday. The most aggravating thing about this championship race is the durability of Boston

FANCIES.

If the weather prophets' fair weather promses could be woven into rubber coats we could all keep dry. \*\*\*

The Republican nominee for Governor of New lersey is known as Early Bird Grubb, and Abbett is consequently pretty sure to gobble him.

It is now said that the storm did not destroy Shrewsbury's oysters, but made them " a little fresh." This should not prove a very great ob ection

The Hon, John L. Sollivan is apparently trying to drown his Congressional chances in the nice of the barley corn. The London Lancet tells at length of an opera

American doctors are satisfied with ether. I do detest a man that's close, And furthermore, a day; But if a pretty girl is close I feel the other way.

patient was under the influence of mesmerism.

The eternal fitness of things was somewhat upset yesterday by a tramp running three miles to save a Chicago and Northwestern train from being wrecked by a broken rail.

Snapper Garrison appears to have snapped himself out of Mr. Belmont's good graces by his weird riding. The wonder is that Mr. Belmont never tumbled before.

Got Back Home.—Mr. Blinks (in dairy restaurant)—I'm most stayved for a bowl of milk and some berries with some real cream on em. Bring me a double order.
Waiter—les. sah. Been summering on a farm, I s'pose, sah?—Nete York Weekly.

A Winnipeg despatch says that bad mission aries have driven 1,500 Canadian Indians across the line. This is reversing things some-

Coroner O'Hara, of Hoboken, has been fined \$50 for "conduct unbecoming an undertaker." because he buried a child that other members of the Undertakers' Association had refused to bury because they were not sure of their pay, Coroner O'Hara is said to be a brick.

Deputy Coroner Donlin went to Bellevue last night to cut up Thomas Power, who was re-ported killed by electricity. Power intimated that Dr. Donlin had better come around after happily it were known-and whose deeds he (Power) was dead. Some people are unrea-

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

J. Owens, ir., of the Detroit Athletic Cinb, who once ran 100 yards in 9 4.5s, with a gale at his back, on which account the time did not go on record, runs in a very peculiar manner. Instead of bending forward, as almost all hundead, yard men do, he holds himself erect. His style of running is graceful in the extreme and beautiful to watch.

Fred Westing, who reels off the 100 and 220 yard dashes as if he were another winged Mer-cury, is about as modest and unassuming a man as ever donned running shoes. He is so conscientious that if he gained an advantage over competitor which was technically perfectly legitimate yet a trifle unfair he would be the first to object to using it. He is an honored member of the Manhattan Athletic Club.

The President of the Manhattan Athletic Club s George W. Carr. "He has done more for athletics than any man known," is the verdict of his friends. He has been President of the Club during the past twelve years, a longer period than is known to have happened to the President of any other club in athletic history. W. O. Inglis, of the New York Athletic Club,

is a member of whom that Club is justly proud. Mr. Inglis is as genial as he is physically nerfect. His hobby is rowing. He has pulled one of the strongest cars in the Club's eight-cared crew during the past few years.

Samuel J. Cornell has been captain of the Manhattan Athletic Club for half a dozen years past. He is fair to look upon and is the most popular captain the Club over had. He is interested with his father in the Citizens' line of steamboats and in the new Grand Hotel in the

WORLDLINGS.

Sir Henry Knight, formerly Lord Mayor of London, who is at present travelling in this country, is a representative Englishman, portly in bearing and florid in complexion, with a snow-white beard. He is a rich man, in many English enterprices, in connection with which he visited America eight years ago. In 1882 and 1883, as Lord Mayor of the English capital,

he won his title. Sidney Thomas, the famons English runner, bribing voters. The indictment was found weighs 122 pounds and is 5 feet 7 inches tall. He is a strict trainer and, as a rule, runs twice

> Edward E. Rice, the musical composer and theatrical manager, was a steamship agent before he wrote "Evangeline" and became

a day.

Secretary Windom has recently leased the handsome house of George E. Lemon in Washington at a rental of \$5,000 a year.

Stop and think for a moment. Since the blig-Why?

REEP WATCH OF THE WATERS.

Already begin the stories of damage by send consequent on the recent rains. Plain-Raid, N. J., with the big Feltville dam

Stop and think for a moment. Since the blig-zard—about eighteen months ago—the paners have been filled with accounts of the numerous disasters by hurriennes, shipwrecks, buryting of dams, cansing shoots &c.; railroad wrecks and others too numerous to cite. A little over six cents per day on the average will give you can be consequent on the recent rains. Plain-Raid, N. J., with the big Feltville dam POLITICAL BROTH,

Ex-Sheriff James O'Brien is credited with a desire to go to the Senate from the Ninth Dis trict as the County Democracy nominee.

excursions ?

Why is John D. Crimmins's representative, Louis A. Risse, always a gnest of the World's Fair Committee on Site on the occasion of its

The opposition to the return of Eugene S. Ives to the State Senate from the Eleventh District is accompanied be a sort of boom of Assembly man John Connelly, of the Nineteenth District

Tammany Hall will go to the Syracuse Convention 300 strong. This will probably move the Counties to present as big a front. Although defeated they have no intention of singing small."

The name of Park Commissioner Gallup's law partner is Hurry. A waggish friend of the Commissioner suggests that the law firm of Gallup & Harry could do a rushing business it divorces if located in Chicago.

John F. Aliearn has announced himself as a andidate for the County Democracy nomination for Senator in the Sixth District. John knows that his time is short as Clerk in Essex Market Police Court, and thinks it best to be casting about for a new job.

The selection of John Collins, the Republican leader of the Fourth Assembly District, for Deputy Surveyor of the Port is another black eye for John J. O'Brien. Collins is one of the O'Brien made politicians who is now training with the enemies of his old benefactor. Ex-Supervisor McLaughlin, of the City

handed in for the purposes of unmasking "the nest of political serpents" being fostered in the City Record office, and securing the reform which has been effected in their removal. If there is no union of the Democratic factions there appears to be every likelihood that the Republicans will succeed in the Elev-

enth Senate District. They hope to in the

Twelfth, but Senator Jacob A. Cantor is satisfied that he can pull through on the Tammany Hall ticket. The idea that a Republican should succeed Congressman Cox seems absurd. The total vote for Mr. Cox on a united ticket was 18,267, and for McMackin, the Republican candidate, 7, 320. How the Democratic vote of the district would appear if split, is found on a reference to the vote for Aldermen in the three Assembly districts comprising it. The Counties received 9,838, the Tammanyites 8,600 and the Repubtion recently performed in Paris while the

licans 7,547. It would be a particularly popular Republican to win even with a divided Democracy. In his weekly paper, the Metropolis, Mr. Mc-Laughlin states that during his incumbency of the office of Supervisor of the City Record be saved to the city one thousand times the amount of his meagre salary. Did he forget that this proposition is subject of mathematical proof or refutation? The meagre salary is \$3,000. One thousand times \$3,000 is \$3,000,000. The ord amounted to less than \$200,000 when Mr. McLaughlin assumed office. In what depart-

IN FASHION'S WORLD.

ment did Mr. McLaughlin's administration save

\$3,000,000 ? "It's but pardonable exaggera-

tion, "says the ex-Supervisor.

The Misses Harriette and Florence Pullman. laughters of Sir George M. Pullman, have an allowance of \$50 per month each to keep them in perfumes and current literature. These fortunate young beauties will make their formal entrance to society this Winter, presumably in

Mrs. John A. Logan's Washington home. Miss Anita McCormick, the daughter-in-lawelect of James G. Blaine, has never been in a street car. Since her debut from the Rush street mansion in Chicago her elder brother, Cyrus McCormick has never escorted any other young lady.

A valet de chambre is by no means uncomme in the homes of progressive widows. Nearly all the chiropodists are men, and as it is only a short distance from a woman's feet to her head, nonsieur soon finds it profitable to make himself needed. Men the world over are famous as hair-dressers, and the woman doesn't live who can give a shampoo barber fashion.

American houses are wofully unpopular. There are Russian parlors, French salons, Pompeiian libraries, Chinese tea-rooms, Moor ish dining parlors, English balis and Spanish chambers, but the national apartment has no place in the United States home. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison suffers from a lame

arm due to excessive writing. Her personal letters average twenty a day, and the communications from the public at large, which politeness compels her to answer, are treble that num-

Mrs. Cleveland is interested in the subject of reincarnation. She has been studying the occult science with a friend who has spent considvalle of her time in the valley of the Indus. Just now the ex-President's wife is making a collection of esoteric poems which she will have bound for her own convenience.

Mrs. Sidney Rosenfelt, author of "Twis-Heaven and Earth," lives in a pretty, pincsheltered cottage at Yonkers. Behind the house s a kitchen-garden containing an acre of land. every foot of which is under cultivation, Mrs. Rosenfelt having done the planting.

OFF THE STAGE.

Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel when in the city seen daily on Broadway, walking at a pace that-in the language of the penny-dreadful fiend-"baffles pursuit." Mrs. Booth is a very bright conversationalist, and possesses the happy knack of always saying the right thing. Miss Marie Burroughs, Mr. A. M. Palmer's leading juvenile," is the wife of the portly Mr. Louis Masson, of the same company. Mr. and Mrs. Massen are not often seen off the stage. Mrs. Massen dresses in severe simplicity on the

River. She keeps this little home nook teven when her professional duties call her mother her mother used to be Nellie Mack. and self to the less luxurious quarters to l found upon the road.

Miss Alice King Hamilton is very versatile. Besides acting, she has recently written two novels, "One of the Duanes" and "Lochinvar," Miss Hamilton paints admirably, and each of her friends has some dainty device with which to remember her,

One Fact

s worth a column of rhetoric, said an American states. man. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thou sands of people, that Hood's Sarsapazilla done cure arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good at cetite and gives atrength to every part of the system. It ou need a good blood purifier, tonic or appetizer, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will do you good

"My daughter received much benedit from Hood's Sarasparille as an excellent tonic after a protracted at-tack of bronchial phenimonia." Rev. F. H. Adams, New Hartford, Conu.

Hood's Sarsaparilla all droggiets. \$1. siz for \$5. Prepared only HOOD \$ CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DULLAR

Competitors for the Beauty Prize Increasing in Number.

Eager Mammas Who Want Their Little Darlings to Win.

The "Evening World's" Portrait Gallery of Cunning Toddlers.

The young gentleman who inspects the pictures of the pretty babies that are now arriving for THE EVENING WORLD prize contest has almost decided to become a family man. Never in his life has he seen such a galaxy guess. Miss Nelson will have her hands full in deciding which little charmers are the very prettiest.

The influx of photographs vesterday was immense. They came by the score, mostly by mail, but some mammas were so eager to enter their darlings that they couldn't wait for Uncle Sam's letter-carriers, so they just brought them themselves.

One cute little toddler arrived yesterday and all there is to identify him is by his name, James Worrell Cunliffee. Will his mother please send The Evening World her name Record, now says that his resignation was and address, age, maiden name, her husband's name, age and occupation, nationality of both and the baby's age, and otherwise fulfil the conditions of the contest.



WALTER ALLEN WHITE.

The first candidate for public admiration to-day is little Walter Alien White, of No. 47 East One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, this city. Waiter is a bright-looking appropriation for the purposes of the CHy | little fellow and looks as if he could made sad work with his mother's work-basket if he had the chance. His mother writes of him: To the Editor.

"Accompanying this letter please find picture of our baby boy, Walter Allen White, born Jan. 25, 1888, at 47 East One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, Harlem. His mother's maiden name is Mubel Allen Gray, born Aug. 21, 1865. His father, Thaddeus White, was born Sept. 27, 1860.

Both are of American parentage, his father's business being a retail coal dealer. Mr. George W. Carter, of 238 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, will wouch for all these statements. "Our baby is considered very smart and

cunning for his age, and too pretty to be a boy. We were married Dec. 15, 1886, by the Rev. William C. Bitting. Very truly yours. 'Mrs. THADDEUS WRITE."



LEO WOLFF. JOHN EDWIN LANE. John Edwin Lane lives at 749 Palisades avenue, West Hoboken, N. J. He was born Aug. 27, 1888, and of course his parents think he is the only baby in the country-and it's perfectly natural they should. The youngster was named after his father, who is bookkeeper for John McCarthy & Bro., at Hoboken. He is twenty-nine years old and his wife. Jane Ann Thomas, is twenty-seven. Elizabeth Almina Fassett is "Perry's Pharmacy Entry," The little miss was born Oct. 1, 1888, and her picture represents her at the age of four months.



ELIZABETH ALMINA

FASSETT. DICKINSON. Frank N. Fassett, night dispenser at Perry's," is her father. He was born Aug. 27, 1863, and bails from Vermont. Miss Elizabeth's mother was Bertha Parker, who was born at Long Branch, N. J., May 16, 1869. The family live at No. 436 West Thirty-fifth street, this city.

The cute little tot known as Miss May Mc. Miss Loduski Young lives with her mother in Grath was born June 16, 1888, and is now a charming little flat not far from the Harlem stopping with Mr. and Mrs. John McGrath at 7 Battery place. Her father is a janitor and



MAY M'GRATH.

According to little Lee Wolfe's mother, There is no child of his age who can cat with a fork like him." Leo will be seventeen mouths old Uct. 1, 1889. His father, Abe Wolfe, a clothing trimmer, is a native New Vorker, and his mother's maiden name is Betsey Bernstein. She was born in England.

The family all live at 1089 Lexington avenue,

Little Jerome Carlebach feels especially proud of the fact that he arrived in New York simultaneously with the big blizzard of March, 1838. Observe his thoughtful look as he recalls those two important events in the



PEROME CARLEDAGE. Master Jerome was born March 15, 1888 His father is Anson 'Carlebach, aged twentyeight, a bookkeeper for Miller & Co., 577 Broadway. His mother is twenty-four years old, and the family reside at 313 East One of infant beauty, and unless he misses his Hundred and Twenty-first street, Harlem. They are of the Jewish faith.

Jerome's mamma writes that he can walk, talk fluently and is in every way a bright voung man.

Charles Jeseph Dickinson was bern of American parents, Nov. 7, 1888. He doesn't creep but rolls when he wants to get hold of the cat, and has even this early developed a wonderful love for borses. He also recognizes the sound of steam-cars.

His father, Charles Dickinson, keeps a livery and hotel at Long Island City. Newton and Jackson avenues, and is twenty-nine years old. Charlie's mother is in her twenty urth year It required two letters to enter Master James F. Johnson in the prize contest, but he is now in and ask, the reader for his or her

opinion from this column to day. The com-bined information of the two letters consists of this: James E. Johnson was born Oct. 15, 1888.

James E. Jolinson was born Oct. 18, 1886. His father is J. Halph, and his mother Delia Johnson, American and Irish respectively. They live at No. 219 West Sixty-first street, and refer to Dr. Thompson, Ninth avenue and Forty-first street.

First Prize—A Golden Double Eagle (\$20) to the pretriest taby under two years in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken or Long Island

City.

SECOND PRIZE—A Golden Eagle (\$10) to next the prettiest buby in the five cities of this me-THIRD PRIZE—A Five-Dollar Gold piece to the metropolitan baby who has but two superiors in total of baby charms.

The names and addresses of the children must be written on the backs of the photographs for identification. CONDITIONS.

Bables to be eligible for this contest must be no years old or less. The picture of any baby entering in this com-petition must be sent to The Evening World. pention mass of sent to THE IVENISG WORLD, together with the name and occupation of the father; the full maiden name of the mother and their residence; the full name of the baby and the dates of birth of baby and its father and mother. Also the name of some responsible person who will wouch for the truth of the statements. Letters accommand an entrance must not

Letters accompanying an entrance must not reced 200 words in length and terillen on one side of the paper only.

If there are two or more pretty babies—so pretty that the Judge is unable to decide between them—then the prize shall go to the one of these babies whose picture was first received.

A ROMAN GIRL AND HER DOLL. Touching Scene Brought to Light in the Ancient Italian City.

In May last the workmen who were digging the foundation for the new law courts in Rome discovered a sarcophagus buried thirty feet below the surface. Immediately the telephone called to the spot the members of the Archeological Com-

mission, scientific and literary men who watch with jealous care all the excavations made in the Eternal City. Under their direction it was carefully raised and opened. Within lay the skeleton of a young girl says the Youth's Companion, with the remains of the linen in which she had been

wrapped, some brown leaves from the myr-tle wreath with which, emblematic of her youth, she had been crowned in death. On her bands were four rings of which one was the double betrothal ring of plain gold, and another with Filetus, the name of her beirothed, engraved upon it. A large and most exquisite smethyst brooch, in and most exquisite amethyst brooch, in Erruscau setting of the finest work, carved amber pins, and a gold necklet with white small pendants were lying about.

But what is most strauge, as being almost unique, was a doll of oak wood, beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet daintily cut with small and believed and trees.

delicate nails. The features and the hair were carved out in the most minute and care-ful way, the hair waving low on the forehead and being bound with a fillet. On the outside of the sarcophagus was sculptured her name, Tryphiena Creperia, and a touching scene, doubtless faithfully

representing her parting with her parents.

She is lying on a low bed and striving to raise herself on her left arm to speak to her near-broken father, who stands leaning on her bedstead, his head bowed with grief, while her mother sits on the bed, her head overed, weeping.
It seems but yesterday, so natural is the scene; and yet it was nearly eighteen centuries ago that these stricken parents laid so tenderly away their dearly beloved daughter with her ornaments and her doll.

KEEP YOUR GAS TURNED UP.

Turning It Down Is Frequently as Disas. trous as Blowing It Out.

In spite of the fact that these are days of

popular enlightenment, the newspapers are not unfrequently called upon to chronicle cases where persons have been asphyxiated through ignorantly blowing out the gas, instead of turning it off. Little attention, however, has been drawn to a danger not as great, but more common, says the Kansas City Star. This consists in the habit many City Star. This consists in the habit many persons have of allowing one bracket to burn dimly all night long while they are asleep.

If the gas is to be kept burning at all it should for salety's sake be left blazing fairly nigh, for when the flame is reduced to the faint blue spark the least diminution in pressare at the works will cause this to go out, and when the pressure is renewed the gas, of course, espaces its adily into the room to the course, escapes steadily into the room, to the course, escapes strainly into the room, to the possible injury of all its inmates.

A night-lamp should be used if light is necessary/or a fair blaze so shaded as not to fall upon the faces of sheepers. A whole family were nearly killed tecently through keeping a live light to low to survive the lapse of pressure soon after midnight.

\$50 GOLD WATCH\$50 FOR \$38. One Dollar Weekly

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

In the second act of Henry Pettitt's new melodrama. ' Hands Across the Sea." presented at the Standard Theatre for the second time last night, there is a very charming little bit of comedy, capitally interpreted. Tom Saggett returns from Australia, his pockets filled with diamonds for the girl whom he is anxious to marry. He meets an old friend who, during his absence, has become the husband of this girl. Confidences follow. The friend tells of his marriage. Tom believes the lucky girl is little Lucy Nettifold. He congratulates her, and he congratuiates his friend. Then Tom speaks of his own matrimonial intentions. His friend at once impos to the conclusion that Tom's figuree Lucy Nettifold. He congratulates her, and be congratulates Tore. The discovery is finally made by poor Basactt in a very artistic manner.

This little episode is a dmirably rendered.

Though I hardly think that "Hands Across the Sea" is up to Pettitt's mark (what man could go on grinding out melodrams, year after year, with any marked improvement T), it is the best play of its kind that we have seen for some time. True that it reeks with sensation until you feel inclined to beg for mercy. It also contains, however, some little tid-bits of comedy. The little bit between Tom and the Frenchspeaking waiter, when the latter suddenly reveals the fact that he is an Englishman born in Dublin, is really very funny.

The agony in "Hands Across the Sea" need hardly be criticised. It is the same old pennydreadful business, seasoned more artistically than usual. The heroines are always calling out. "Let me pass," and all the hero has to do is to rush on when the heroine is suffering and be majestic for a second or two while the curtain

I wonder why melodyamatic heroines always call out, " Let me pass." The stage is very wide. and they have but to budge a few inches and get all the space they want. "Let me pass" always makes me smile. "Hands Across the Sea" is filled with just such conventional utterances. The only speech I really missed, and the loss of which occasioned me the bitterest anguish, was, 'I love you, but I can never be yours.'

John C. Buckstone as Tom Bassett made an excellent impression. His work was natural and pleasing. Gustavus Levick was a very roaring hero. I am sure the audience at the Park Theatre must have heard him. Miss Edna Carey was conscientions. Her agony was not as acceptable as her lighter vein. Miss Percy Haswell has a most irritating delivery, and I don't believe it is natural, either. She is a clever little actress, however, and did some good work. William Sichardson as the French master, J. R. Furlong as the Parisian and W. J. Ferguson as the gambling-house keeper made an admirable trio. These three gentlemen did very artistic work. "Hands Across the Sea" was beautifully

staged. ALAN DALE. ROSA BONHEUR'S QUIET HOME.

The Great Artist Detests Publicity and Dislikes Newspaper Notoriety. For years Fontainebleau has been a favorite Summer resort for Parisians, says the Paris letter to the Chicago Times, and there are

many magnificent properties. At the extremity of the forest, between the villages Moret and Thomery, is another village called By: at the castle of By lived a woman whose name, although illustrious in the four corners of the globe, is seldom pro-

counced at the present time. For years Rosa Bonheur has lived apart from the artistic world of Paris and many people believe that her life work was finished ong ago, and that now in some quiet cemetong ago, and that now in some quiet ceme-tery the great artist sleeps after her labors. But Rosa Bonheur is perfectly well, and for hours cach day she paints and sketches. Some of her canvases go to England, some to America, and some are kept in France, but she detests publicity and exhibits her work no longer.

no longer.
In a word the great artist prefers quiet, and mere idea of seeing her name in print

Robin, the Sweetheart. O sweetheart mine, with the bonnie brown hair. With eyes so merry and brow so fair. The a year to-day since you came to woo. And never was lover more loving and true, Robin, my sweetheart!

nder sometimes as I fold you fast

STOLEN RHYMES.

If love like yours can forever last. How it will be as the years are told, When you have grown wiser and I have grown old, Robin, my sweetheart ! You have won my heart by your words and smiles, smiles.
You have won my heart by your witching wiles.
And I wish, oh, I wish I could hold for aye.
The place in your heart that I hold to-day,
Robin, my sweetheart!

But when I am sadder and far less fair.
When the snews of time are thick in my hair,
When pain has furrowed my check and brow.
Will you love me then as you love me now,
Robin, my sweetheart?

You bring to my lips your young life's wine, And promise, dear, to be always mine; Yet still I wonder how it will be When you are thirty instead of three, Robin, my sweetheart! But away with doubt! and with fears away! You are mine to-day, sweetheart, to-day!
So we'll sing and be morry, and dance, care-free,
Nor dream of the time when you may not be

Robin, my sweetheart - Youth's Companion. Dainy Miller. Her dimpled check is pale, She's a lily of the vale, Not a rose. In a muslin or a lawn She is fairer than the dawn, To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat, She is vain about her feet, It is said. She amputates her r's,
But her eyes are like the stars,
Overhead.
—Philadelphia Press.

To write or not to write? That is the question. Whether 'tis better to gather in the shekels Along with all the critics lond outries. Or keep myself unto myself, and think The thoughts that, when put down in black and white The thoughts that, when put down in black and white
Make people ope their eyes and cry. "Oh! Oh!"
And yet, methicks to think the thinks I think Is not to think so differently from most.
Except that they think that they do not think. While I—I think, and glory that I think, And so I think 'twere toost to write. Suppose I try a tale that's quicter in tone. Yet were it wise? I know what I will do! I'll dip this pen in fire, and this in ice, and write alternate words with thom; and so I'll please the critics all. Ah, ha! Oh, ho!
The spirit of Criticus responds:
The quick will pick the dead lines out, be sure:
The dead will find the quick, and both complain.
—Aristine Anderson in Judge.

Amelie's Soliloguy.

Half Way Through September. Now cooler winds begin to blow, The solar fires less fiercely glow. The heated term is nearly o'er. The paper collar wilts no more. The girl puts up her bathing suit.
Their hats of straw the wealthy shoot. The fat man laughs aloud with gice. No more like melted lard is he.

The yachts are fast at wharves and docks, We're near the autumnal equinos. And people who regard their health For autumn clothing spend their wealth. And every merchant who is wise Doth hump himself and advertise.

\_\_\_\_\_ INFANTS treated during teething with MONELL'S TRETHING CORDIAL are exempt from pain 25c.

RATTLESNAKES FOR PETS

HALF-BREED INDIAN FAMILY LIVES. HAPPILY WITH SCORES OF THEM.

Fort Stockton (Tex.) Hunters Meet with Strange Spectacle in a Cave in the Sierra Charrote-Human (?) Beings Who Tolerate and Even Fondle the Slims

Monsters Like So Many Cats and Dogs. A party of sporismen from this place while hunting antelopes in the Sierra Charrote a few days ago made a most singular discovery. says a Fort Stockton (Tex.) special of Sept. 2. Riding up a narrow gorge they caught sight of a gigantic rattlesnake trailing his

hideous length along the side of the steep erng just above their heads. Several of the party fired at the reptile, but none of the shots had any effect beyond causing his snakeship to accelerate his leisurely movement, and by the time the party had dismounted and reached the snot the rattler was disappearing down a fissure in the rocks

A volley of shot was sent clattering after him, but some of his pursuers not feeling courageous enough to follow him further. had turned about and were making their way back to the horses, when a human head protruding from the gap where the sunke had disappeared attracted their attention.

The head was quickly followed by the body and a most remarkable person stood gazing curiously after them. It was a man, clad from head to foot in a garment evidently made out of the tough, fibrous grasses of made out of the tough, fibrous grasses of these parts woven together in a mat. This was secured about the waist by a belt composed of the pied, mottled skin of reptiles. This strange being's long, coarse hair hung about his face in straight, black plaited locks, giving him a most weird. Medusa-like appearance. His teatures were of a brutish, cunning type, while the face was lighted up by a pair of coldly twinkling orbs hardly humap in their steady gaze, and which completed the suggestion of a serpent of his entire makeup.

The hun'ers, amazed at this singular apparition, turned back and approached the man, who waited for them without any evidence of fear or desire to avoid a meeting. Mr. K., who was somewhat in advance of the others, called out to him in English, "Good mouning," and was answered in Spanish, spoken with a gutteral accent.

Mr. K. then began to converse in Spanish with the man, who responded briefly in a dialect of his own composed of a mongrel Spanish and Apache Indian. When asked what he was doing down in that hole he informed the party that he lived down there, and offered to she them his home.

The gentle on felt considerable hesitation about following the rattlesnake into such tire makeup.

The gentles on felt considerable hesitation about following the rattlesmake into such close quariers and expressed as much, when the stranger declared that there was no harm to be expected from the snake, but said there was another entrance into his abode that they might make use of if they preferred it. He then showed them a large hole in the mountain's ade which they had failed to notice for the bushes that wellingh covered it. They found themselves on entering this notice for it. bushes that wellingh covered
it. They found themselves, on entering this
hole, in a small, gloomy cave, in which they
saw, as soon as the eyes became accustomed
to the insufficient light, a woman and several
children seated or lying about on skins.

They were all dre-sed in the same rude
garments as the man, to whom they bore a
strong resemblance. They took very little

notice of the hunters, exhibiting a sluggish ness of movement that would have seemed to indicate drowsiness, had it not been for their little, glaucing, watchful eyes that gleamed like diamond points in the dimness of the cave.
In obedience to some order of her husband

the woman rose from her squatting position in one corner of the cavern, letting fall from her lap some object that glided swiftly away to one of the children, about whom it twined itself, and who affectionately clasped it in her arms.

To the amazement and horror of the gen. themen this object was the huge rattlesnake which had been their guide to this extraordi-nary place, so unreal and uncanny as to cause them to ask themselves if it were not the cre-

ation of a dream.

The woman had lighted a torch, revealing the woman had highest a cotal reverse the cave swarming with snakes of every description and size. They hung from rocky projections in the roof and sides of the cavern, hissing at the unwonted light, and glided about from one corner to another. One great slimy black monster lay across the

throat of a sleeping infant, gently waving its horrid head above the child's mouth. An older child was eating something from an earthenware vessel, and a large rattler leaving from his shoulder would swing over and eat from the dish, while the child would strike it with its bare hand whenever its strange messmate seemed to be getting more than its share .

than its share.

After lighting the torch the woman returned to her corner and the skin on which she had been squatting, and, catching up a snake that was lying near, dropped it into her lap as one might a kitten. The creature crawled up her body and finally settled itself on her bare hread, reaching up to her nough as if to kies. breast, reaching up to her mouth as if to kiss her.

This last exhibition of an intimacy for-bidden by the prejudices of all ages and people was more than the party could stand, so they beat a hasty retreat from that joint abode of serpents and human beings. The man accompanied them, offering to trade

skins for powder and shot.

While the exchange was being made the man, in answer to a question, related his history. He is a half-breed Apache Indian, his father having been a Mexican. Up to the time he was grown he had continued with his mother's people, but committing some offense against their laws—he entered into no details as to what this was—he had to reskips for powder and shot. no details as to what this was—he had to run away to escape their vengeance, and his wild, roving existence having unfitted him for a civilized life, he had taken up his residence in this mountain case.

in this mountain cave.

His wife, an Indian girl, had fled with him, and here their children had been born. He lives by hunting and fishing, never venturing far from his underground dwelling. As to the snakes, he says they are gentle, affectionate creatures, which, if man would cease to persecute them, would be his faithful friends.

A Serious Mistake.

Enraged Father-Well, that's the last time I'll over be fool enough to give any of my daughters a wedding-check. wrong, I hope.
Enraged Father—Yes, but there is, That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed.

1 From the Whistle 1 Train Robber-Hold up your hands! Museum Freak-Can't do it pardner. You'll have to try s mebody else. I'm the armiess wonder and i do everything with my toes.

A \$50.00

Penny Whistles.

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